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THE AMBUSCADE.

Through the hushed air the whitening sleet
descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the
day
With continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
The brightness all; save where the new snow
melts
Along the mazy current.

Where are there any young folks who do
not look forward to the advent of winter
with much pleasure? The bracing atmos-
phere makes outdoor sports so exhilarating
that it is no wonder that this season of the
year is a great favorite with all who are
blessed with health and buoyant spirits.

Tobogganing, snow-shoeing and skating all
have their patrons; and the good old-fash-
ioned game of snow-balling is not without
its votaries.

In the very lively picture given below,
called "The Ambuscade," the artist has vividly
depicted this amusement. The two boys,
who are jogging merrily along drawing their
sisters on a home-made hand-sleigh, are
suddenly surprised by some of their compan-
ions, who have been waiting in ambush
behind the trunk of a huge tree. The
snow balls fly, a well directed one hitting
the smaller of the boys on the ear, and mak-
ing him put up his arm as a guard against
more. The girls appear to enjoy the fun,
and will probably jump off the sleigh and
themselves engage in the harmless warfare.

AN OFFICER WHO NEVER DRANK.

When General Grant was in command of
the army before Vicksburg, a number of
officers were gathered together at his head-
quarters. One of them invited the party to
join in a social glass; all but one accepted.
He asked to be excused, saying that he
"never drank." The hour passed, and each
went his way to his respective command.
A few days after this the officer who de-
clined to drink received a note from Gen-
eral Grant to report at head-quarters. He
obeyed the order, and Grant said to him,
"You are the officer, I believe, who re-
marked the other day that you never
drank." The officer modestly answered
that he was. "Then," continued the Gen-
eral, "you are the man I have been looking

for to take charge of the Commissary De-
partment, and I order that you be detailed
to that duty." He served all through the
war in that responsible department, and
afterwards, when General Grant became
President, the officer who never drank was
again in request. The President, needing a
man on whom he could rely for some im-
portant business, gave him the appointment.

GIVE what you have. To some one it
may be better than you dare to think.—
Longfellow

OF ALL the anguish in the world, there is
nothing equal to this—the sense of God with-
out this sense of nearness to Him.—*Elizabeth
Prentiss*



THE AMBUSCADE.

TOBACCO IN SCHOOL.

The danger of the use of tobacco by children cannot be too strongly presented. The subject is somewhat difficult, because "the weed" is in such general use. But the testimony of physicians as to its effect on immature bodies and minds, is practically uniform. If a boy or girl (for girls are learning to use cigarettes) reaches the age of sixteen without beginning to use tobacco, the chances of his using it in after life are greatly lessened. It is the cigarette-smokers of six to ten years, the little fellows who deliberately smoke into each others' open mouths, the pale, enfeebled children who inherit the appetite for narcotics, and come from homes steeped in tobacco-smoke, the boys who think it manly to smoke, and cowardly not to acquire the habit, it is such as these who will become, to a large extent, the drunkards, criminals, and paupers of the next generation.

Try to ascertain, for your private knowledge, the personal experience of your class concerning tobacco. One earnest teacher adopted with success the plan of asking his scholars to promise not to use alcohol and tobacco, while members of the school, without first requesting the principal to withdraw their names from the pledge roll.

"The pledge is loose," writes this faithful teacher: "perhaps the 'easiest to take' of any you ever saw, but therein lies its strength, for when a student wishes to be released, it gives him an opportunity to labor with him personally. I have had four requests to be 'let off' on the tobacco part, but I persuaded all but one to let it alone."

The New Hampshire legislature has just enacted a law forbidding the sale or gift of tobacco in any form to persons under sixteen years of age. Tell the pupils of this, and show them that the state has a right to protect herself against future citizens who shall be weak, mentally and physically. In accord with this is the action of the national Government in connection with the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. The board appointed by the Government to consider the subject of the use of tobacco by the cadets of the academy, report as follows: "No doubt exists among medical men as to the injurious effects of tobacco upon the growing organisms and mental powers of the young. The board are of opinion, therefore, that the regulations against the use of tobacco in any form cannot be too stringent; and, further, that while smoking should be wholly interdicted, special care should be taken to prevent the introduction of chewing, the more deleterious practice."

Tobacco has a specific effect on the bones, stunting their growth, and threatening us with a coming generation of inferior stature, as well as of enfeebled mental powers. — Alice M. Guernsey, in N. E. Journal of Education.

"UP WI' YE."

I remember a little incident that happened many years ago. When I was in Cornwall, in 1854, I visited the mine where the incident occurred. Carlyle refers to the story in one of the chapters of his "Life of Sterling." Two men were sinking a shaft. It was a dangerous business, for it was necessary to blast the rock. It was their custom to cut the fuse with a sharp knife. One man then entered the bucket, and made a signal to be hauled up. When the bucket again descended, the other man entered it, and, with one hand on the signal rope and the other holding the fire, he touched the fuse, made the signal, and was rapidly drawn up before the explosion took place. One day they left the knife above, and, rather than ascend to procure it, they cut the fuse with a sharp stone. It took fire. "The fuse is on fire!" Both men leaped into the bucket, and made the signal, but the windlass would haul up but one man at a time; only one could escape. One of the men instantly leaped out, and said to the other, "Up wi' ye; I'll be in Heaven in a minute." With lightning speed the bucket was drawn up, and the one man was saved. The explosion took place. Men descended, expecting to find the mangled body of the other miner; but the blast had loosened a mass of rock, and it lay diagonally across him; and, with the exception of a few bruises and a little scorching, he was unhurt. When asked why he urged his comrade to escape, he gave an answer that sceptics would laugh at. If there is any being on the face of the earth I pity, it is a sceptic. I would not be what is

called "a sceptic" to-day for all the world's wealth. They may call it superstition and fanaticism, or whatever they choose. But what did this hero say when asked, "Why did you insist on this other man's ascending?" In his quaint dialect he replied, "Because I knowed my soul was safe; for I've gie it in the hands of Him of whom it is said that 'faithfulness is the girdle of His reins,' and I knowed that what I gie Him He'd never gie up. But t'other chap was an awfu' wicked lad, and I wanted to gie him another chance." All the infidelity in the world cannot produce such a signal act of heroism as that. — Word and Work.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON I.—JANUARY 3.

JOSIAH AND THE BOOK OF THE LAW.—2 KINGS 22:1-23.

COMMIT VERSE 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord.—2 Kings 22:2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Bible lost and found.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 22:1-20.
T. 2 Kings 22:1-30.
W. 2 Chron. 34:1-33.
Th. 2 Chron. 35:1-27.
F. Jer. 2:1-13.
Sa. Zeph. 1:1-18.
Su. Ps. 81:1-16.

TIME.—The book of the law was found B.C. 622, the 18th year of Josiah.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, the capital of Judea.

RULERS.—Josiah, king of Judah, B.C. 609-608. Assurbanipal (Sardanapalus), King of Assyria. Psammetichus, king of Egypt.

PROPHETS.—Jeremiah, Zephaniah, Habakkuk, Nahum, and Huldah the prophetess.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Josiah's reign recorded in 2 Kings, chaps. 22, 23, is also recorded in 2 Chron., chaps. 34, 35. The first twelve chapters of Jeremiah belong to Josiah's reign, as also the prophecies of Zephaniah, Nahum and Habakkuk. The fourth book of the Psalter (Ps. 80-100) was composed or compiled at this time. Ps. 80 was probably composed for the great Passover of Josiah.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Sixty years have passed away since the death of Hezekiah, about whom we studied in our last regular lesson of last year. Most of this time Manasseh, Hezekiah's son, reigned. He allowed idolatry to flourish again in Judah, and all heathen sins and abominations came with it. He was punished by the Assyrians, who carried him away captive. He repented, but idolatry still flourished. Amon, his son, next reigned two years, and every evil triumphed. He was slain, and his young son Josiah became king.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. JOSIAH—the good son of a bad father. (See vs. 1, 2; 2 Chron. 34:1-3.) His mother's name, JEDIAH—the meaning is "the beloved of Jehovah," and his grandmother's name, Adiah, means "honored of Jehovah." Probably his mother was a religious woman, though his father, Amon, was an idolater. 2. HE DID RIGHT—he was converted when 16 years old, began his great work of reform when 20. (2 Chron. 34:2, 3.) 3. EIGHTEENTH YEAR—of his reign. The repairs and reforms of these next verses and 2 Chron. 34:3-5 were begun six years before. These words "eighteenth year" are connected with v. 8. 4. FOUND THE BOOK OF THE LAW—the temple copy of the Pentateuch, the first five books of our Bible. It had probably been hidden away during the idolatrous reign of Manasseh, and was found in some hidden chamber of the temple. 10. READ IT BEFORE THE KING—rather, read from it; no doubt the blessings and curses in Deut., chaps. 28-32. 11. KEST HIS CLOTHES—the oriental way of showing grief and repentance. Josiah repented, he entered more earnestly on the reforms casting out all idols and heathen leaders and practices; he sent priests all over the land to teach the people, and instituted the Passover, which had been neglected. It was a great revival of religion.

LEARN BY HEART one or more of the following verses.—2 Tim. 3:16, 17; Ps. 10:7, 8; Ps. 119:105; Isa. 40:8; Ps. 1:1, 2.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—About what king was our last lesson in the Old Testament history? How many years intervened between Hezekiah and Josiah? Who reigned during this time? What was the state of the kingdom religiously when Josiah began to reign? (2 Kings 21:3-12; 19-22.) Give the time, place, rulers and prophets at this time.

SUBJECT: THE BIBLE FOUND AND STUDIED.

1. KING JOSIAH (vs. 1, 2).—Who were Josiah's parents? Where did he live? How old was he when he became king? How long did he reign? What three dates in his reign are specially noted? (2 Chron. 34:3, 8.) What was the general character of his reign?

II. HIS CONVERSION.—How old was Josiah when he was converted to God? (2 Chron. 34:3.)

III. A REVIVAL OF RELIGION (vs. 3-7).—How long after his conversion did Josiah begin to reform the religious condition of his kingdom? (2 Chron. 34:3.) How old was he? What two things did he do? (2 Chron. 34:3 and 8.)

IV. THE BOOK OF THE LAW FOUND (vs. 8-16).—What did the high priest find one day? In what place? What part of our Bible was this book of the law? What did Hilkiah do with it? Who took it to the king?

How could such a book be lost? Were Bibles as plenty then as now? In what ways may we lose the Bible (as by neglect, disobedience, etc.)? In what ways may we find the Bible?

V. THE EFFECT OF FINDING THE BIBLE (vs. 17-23).—What part of the book of the law was read to the king? (v. 18, and Deut., chaps. 28-32.) What did the king do when he heard these words? Of what was reading the clothes a sign? Of whom did the king seek help? What did finding the Bible lead the king to do for the people? (2 Kings 23:1-3.) What evils did he abolish? (2 Kings 23:4-7.) What religious institution did he renew? (2 Chron. 35:1-18.)

LESSON II.—JANUARY 10.

JEREMIAH PREDICTING THE CAPTIVITY.—JER. 8:20-22; 9:1-16.

COMMIT VERSE 20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.—Jer. 8:20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Salvation is lost by neglect and by sin.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Jer. 1:1-10.
T. Jer. 2:1-15.
W. Jer. 3:1-18.
Th. Jer. 5:1-16.
F. Jer. 7:1-14.
Sa. Jer. 8:1-22.
Su. Jer. 9:1-16.

TIME.—In the later years of King Josiah, after the last lesson, B.C. 622-609, or early in the reign of his son Jehoiakim.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, at a gate of the inner court of the temple, where the prophet stood and addressed the people in the outer court. (Jer. 7:1, 2.)

BOOK OF JEREMIAH.—A collection of the records of Jeremiah's prophecies made at various times. The collection was begun by Baruch (Jer. 36:2-8), B.C. 604.

JEREMIAH.—(1) Name, "exalted of Jehovah." (2) Parentage, son of Hilkiah, probably the high priest of the last lesson. (3) Birth, about B.C. 625, the same time as King Josiah. (4) Home, born at Anathoth, a small town three miles north-east of Jerusalem in Benjamin. (5) He was never married. (6) Character, he is called the weeping prophet, and on account of the hopeless sins and miseries of the people. He was timid, retiring, tender-hearted, never morose, always brave, with an outlook of hope. (7) Work, Jeremiah began to prophesy in the thirteenth year of Josiah, B.C. 627, and continued through five reigns, till after the destruction of Jerusalem, B.C. 586. He was carried captive to Egypt after that, and tradition says he was stoned to death there, aged 60 or 70 years.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Our lessons change from Kings to Jeremiah, because he prophesied at the period whose history we have been studying, and his words throw light on the history. After the last lesson the excitement died away, many were untouched by the revival, and the people grew very bad, as described in to-day's lesson. Jeremiah was sent to warn and entreat them lest they perish on account of their sins.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

21. I AM BLACK—rather, I go mourning. 22. BALSAM—balsam used for medicine externally and internally. IS GILEAD—where it grew in abundance. There was abundant help for the people in God, but they refused it. 3. THEIR TONGUES LIKE A BOW—lies were the venomous arrows they shot from their tongues. 7. MELT AND TRY—as metals, which are thus purified from dross. 8. SHALL I NOT VISIT THEM—with punishment. These warnings were fulfilled by the three devastations of the kingdom, and final destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon. 1. DRAGONS—better, jackals. 14. BAALIM—plural of Baal, the idol of their neighbors the Philistines.

LEARN BY HEART.—Jer. 8:20, 22; Isa. 55:6, 7; Heb. 4:7.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Why do we change our lessons from Kings to Jeremiah? When did Jeremiah live? Where? His father's name? Give some account of his life? What kind of a man was he? What can you tell about the Book of Jeremiah?

SUBJECT: LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

I. THE OPPORTUNITIES LOST (vs. 20-22).—What promises did God make to the children of Israel? (Gen. 28:14; Joshua 1:4; 2 Chron. 17:9-12.) What blessings did he want them to enjoy? (Deut. 28:1-13.) Repent v. 20 of the lesson. What harvest was past? What is meant by "the daughter of my people"? What hurt is referred to? (See 2 Kings 23:29-33; 21:10-14.) What is balm? What is it good for? Where was it found in plenty? What does the prophet mean by this verse?

II. THE SINS BY WHICH THEY ARE LOST (vs. 1-9).—How did Jeremiah express his grief over the sins and miseries of his people? (v. 1, 2.) How many different sins are mentioned in these eight verses? Which of the ten commandments were broken by them? Name the Levitical laws which were contrary to these sins. What sin is mentioned oftener? Why is deceit and lying one of the most deadly of sins?

III. THE CALAMITIES THAT FOLLOWED (vs. 9-11).—What should befall the country? (v. 10.) What should become of the city? (v. 11.) Read a description of the fulfillment of these warnings. (2 Chron. 36:5-7, 15-20.) What punishment will fall on all who continue in sin? (Rom. 2:8, 9; Matt. 7:2, 19; 21:46.)

IV. THE REASON OF THESE CALAMITIES (vs. 12-16).—Who would understand the cause of these troubles? What was the cause? What is meant by wormwood and gall in v. 15?

Why should we grieve over the sins of our country? Was the punishment of the Jews the natural effect of their sins? Is our punishment the natural effect of our sins? Is this all? Is punishment certain to follow sin? Does God punish in love? Is punishment meant to make men better? What is taught by the fact that the wormwood and gall in v. 15 were not only bitter but medicinal?

LESSON III.—JANUARY 17.

THE FAITHFUL RECHABITES.—JEREMIAH 35:12-19.

COMMIT VERSE 18, 19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For unto this day they drink wine, but obey their father's commandment.—Jer. 35:11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Obedience and temperance the way to a long and happy life.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Jer. 35:1-11.
T. Jer. 35:12-11.
W. Prov. 3:1-18.
Th. Prov. 1:8, 9; 8:20-23; 30:17.
F. Prov. 23:29-35.
Sa. Eph. 6:1-12.
Su. Gal. 5:16-23.

TIME.—B.C. 604-5, fourth year of Jehoiakim.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in one of the courts of the temple.

RULERS.—Jehoiakim, king of Judah, B.C. 609-608. Nebuchadnezzar, son of the emperor of Babylon, now commander of the Chaldean army in Judah, becomes emperor, B.C. 605.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—A few years pass away since the warnings in our last lesson. The end is drawing near. Nebuchadnezzar's army is devastating Judah and approaching Jerusalem; but the people have grown worse and worse. And now Jeremiah makes one more effort to persuade them to a better life.

THE RECHABITES.—(1) A branch of the Kenites, who were a part of the Midianites descended from Abraham to Keturah, who lived once in Southern Arabia. Moses married one of them. Then a portion moved into Canaan, and a part settled in Southern Judah (Judges 1:16; 1 Chron. 2:55), and a part in Northern Israel, above the sea of Galilee (Judges 4:11). (2) Their name was derived from Rechab, an unknown ancestor. (3) Jehonadab (or Jonadab) was their great reformer in the time of Jehu, B.C. 841. (4) Kings 10:15-27. (5) Their creed was (a) to drink no wine or strong drink; (b) to live in tents, and not in houses; (c) to cultivate no land; (d) they believed in the true God.

JEREMIAH'S OBJECT LESSON.—See Jer. 35:1-11. The Rechabites came into Jerusalem because Nebuchadnezzar with his fierce soldiers was destroying the country. Here they still lived in tents. Jeremiah takes them into a frequented court of the temple, and placing wine before them, asks them to drink. They refuse, because Jonadab two hundred and seventy-five years before had so commanded. So, says Jeremiah, you should obey God, your Father.

THEIR REWARD.—(1) Rechabites continue to exist to the present day. (2) Some joined the tribe of Levi, and continued to serve in their temple. (3) Every true temperance person is a spiritual descendant; such have always existed.

LEARN BY HEART.—Eph. 6:1-3; Prov. 3:1-4; Prov. 23:31, 32.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long a time between this lesson and the last? What evil had Jeremiah foretold in that lesson as the punishment of the people's sins? Had his warnings begun to be fulfilled? Who was devastating the country at this time? (Jer. 35:11.) Who was king of Israel?

SUBJECT: OBEDIENCE AND TEMPERANCE.

I. THE RECHABITES.—Give some account of the history of the Rechabites. Where did the Rechabites live? What were their curious beliefs and practices? (Jer. 35:6-10.)

II. JEREMIAH'S OBJECT LESSON OF OBEDIENCE (vs. 12-15).—Why did these Rechabites come into Jerusalem to live for a time? (Jer. 35:11.) Where did Jeremiah take them? (Jer. 35:3, 4.) What did he offer them? (Jer. 35:5.) Did they yield to the temptation? (Jer. 35:6.) What reason did they give? Was all this done publicly? What did Jeremiah teach the people by this?

Was it right for Jeremiah to offer them wine? Had they much more reason for obeying God than the Rechabites had for obeying Jonadab? What reasons can you give why the people were under obligation to obey God? Had God done all that was possible to make them good? (Isa. 5:4.) Has he done all he can to make us good?

III. REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS (vs. 16-19).—How were the Israelites punished for their disobedience? What reward did God promise the Rechabites for their obedience? Has it been fulfilled?

IV. APPLICATION TO OBEDIENCE.—(1) How does this apply to our obedience to God? What reasons can you give why we should obey God perfectly? (2) Apply it to obedience to parents? (3) To obedience to the laws of our country. In what ways are we tempted to disobey? What is the punishment of disobedience to God? (Matt. 25:46; Ezek. 18:20.) To parents? (Prov. 30:17.) To country? What is the reward of obedience to God? (1 Prov. 8:21-4; 1 Tim. 4:8.) To parents? (Ex. 20:12; Prov. 1:8, 9; 9:20-22.) To country?

V. APPLICATION TO TEMPERANCE.—Why did the Rechabites drink no wine or strong drink? What temptations have we to use strong drink? What reason for total abstinence do you find in the Bible?

What reasons for total abstinence do you find in science? In reason? In experience and observation of its effects? In the crime strong drink produces? the miseries? the expense? the injury to others and the danger to ourselves?

LESSONS FROM THE RECHABITES.

1. Obedience: (1) The duty of obedience; (2) the tests of obedience in daily life; (3) the reasons for obedience to God's command; what God has done for us, his messengers, his providence, the rewards of obedience and the punishment of disobedience.

Obedience: (1) To God. (2) to parents; (3) to laws of our country; (4) of country to laws of God.

II. Temperance: (1) An example of temperance; (2) resisting temptations; (3) the reasons for temperance; (4) the rewards of temperance.

Reasons for temperance: Required by obedience (1) to God's word; (2) to the law of love; (3) to science; (4) to reason; (5) to experience.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO SIMPLIFY HOUSEKEEPING.

In an address delivered at a social science meeting Mrs. Gray, of Wyandotte, Kansas, said:

"Love for the work is natural to women as a domestic instinct, and is only lost by overwork and failure to do what seems imperative duty, or by a morbid fashion, introduced by the foolish, vicious, or idle."

Love for housework may be regained often by careful thought and courageous resolution.

Men, as a rule, do not complain of their work. They go to shop, or farm, or office, cheerfully, manfully and faithfully, year after year.

They have their trials and are usually silent over them. They rarely come home and tell us that the saw was dull, and they had to stop all the machinery and sharpen it; that the ploughshare broke in the middle of the furrow, and they had to go two miles and buy a new one, or that a bore entered the office and wasted all the morning.

Everybody who comes into the world ought to be willing to do, every day, a good day's work and not shirk it.

A woman has no business to get married unless she expects to keep house, and having once accepted the position of housekeeper, if not qualified, she should at once cheerfully fit herself for it.

To misplace a kitchen fork or spoon may burn to a cinder the most carefully prepared dish. The convenient holder lost from its nail may burn the cake or ruin the pie and incense the cook. A cook-table, full of drawers, where flour, spices, rolling pins and cake-cutters, are kept, with bake-pans hanging over it, will save miles of travel and hours of time. A small shelf near the stove kept for an extra pepper and salt-dish, has saved me fifty miles of travel, I think, in ten years. Only for one day count the number of times you go from cook-table to stove, seasoning various dishes, and you will see for yourself what this means.

I can go to the pantry with a waiter, twenty by twenty-five inches in size, and with two trips lay the table for a family of five or eight persons. With the same waiter I can clear that table at three trips, and bring in dinner from the kitchen at two more.

I have counted thirty trips made for an equal meal—by women who could read and write, too.

Pasta on the cover of the sewing machine the query: "Is it necessary, or really beautiful! Is it worth my time or thought?"

Measure every yard of sewing by that rule. You will be surprised how many less tucks there will be, and how, almost entirely, ruffles will vanish.—*St. Paul Grocer.*

DROOPING SHOULDERS.

This is a serious evil. It compromises both appearance and vitality. A stooping figure is not only a familiar expression of weakness or old age, but is, when caused by careless habits, a direct cause of contracted chest and defective breathing. Unless you rid yourself of this crook while at school, you will probably go bent to your grave. There is one good way to cure it. Shoulder-braces will not help. One needs, not an artificial substitute, but some means to develop the muscles whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect. I know of but one bull's eye shot. It is to carry a weight on the head. A sheepskin or other strong bag filled with twenty to eighty pounds of sand is a good weight. When engaged in your morning studies either before or after breakfast, put this bag of sand on your head, hold your head erect, draw your chin close to your neck, and walk slowly about the room, coming back, if you please, every minute or two to your book, or carrying the book as you walk. The muscles whose duty it is to hold your head and shoulders erect are hit, not with scattering shot, but with a rifle-ball. The bones of the spine and the inter-vertebral substance will soon accommodate themselves to the new attitude. One year of daily practice with the bag, half an hour morning and evening, will give you a noble carriage, without interfering a moment with your studies.

It would be very difficult to put into a paragraph more important instruction than this. Your respiration, voice, and strength

of spine, to say nothing of your appearance, will find a new departure in this cure of drooping shoulders.—*Selected.*

CHOICE DELICACIES FOR INVALIDS.

APPLE SNOW.—Peel, core and quarter (or slice) some tart, juicy apples, and stew them in a little water until soft. Sweeten to taste, and turn them into a deep glass dish. Make a soft custard, with one quart of milk and six eggs (reserving the whites of three), sweeten to taste, and flavor with lemon extract. When this is cold, pour it over the apple; whip up the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and heap lightly on the top of the custard.

SNOWBALL CUSTARD.—Add the whites of three eggs, well beaten, to one pint of boiling milk, dipping them into the milk in tablespoonfuls. As they rise turn them, and when done, put them into a pudding dish; then put the beaten yolks, sweetened to taste, into the milk, stir until it thickens, remove from the fire, and flavor with lemon. Turn this custard into a glass dish, and lay the whites on the top. It is delicious.

SAGO PUDDING.—Add one cup of sago to three pints of warm water, sweeten with one cup of sugar; cook slowly, and, when done, flavor with vanilla, and turn into cups or molds. Serve cold, with cream.

RICE CREAM.—Let one quarter of a cup of rice soak in one and a half cups of warm water until it swells; then cook until soft. Take one pint of rich, creamy milk, heat it to boiling point, then add the yolks of three eggs, well-beaten, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar; stir until it thickens; turn into a dish, and frost with the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, sweetened and flavored. Brown in the oven.

DROPPED EGGS ON TOAST.—Have ready a dish of hot water, well-salted; break the eggs into a saucer, and slide into the water, one at a time. Dip the hot water with a spoon over the top of the egg. When done, take it up with a skimmer, and lay on buttered toast, dust a little salt and pepper over it, and butter as desired. Soft boiled eggs for invalids should be put in a dish of boiling water, and set on the back part of the stove, where the water will only simmer. They will cook evenly, and be soft and jelly-like.

BEEF JELLY.—Cut a pound of lean beef in small pieces, and put into a porcelain kettle with a pint of cold water; let it stand half an hour, and then put it over the fire where it will heat gradually. After it gets boiling hot, skim and put it where it will simmer slowly for half an hour. While it is cooking, put a third of a box of gelatine into a bowl with two tablespoonfuls of cold water and let it dissolve. Salt the broth to taste, and strain it while boiling hot over the dissolved gelatine; stir until clear; then strain it into cups or molds, and put away to cool; keep on ice. Mutton or chicken broth may be prepared in this way. Do not be afraid you have used too little gelatine, for it seldom hardens in less than six or eight hours, and even longer. This is very nice and nutritious for an invalid.

BEEF TEA.—Cut lean beef into small pieces, and put into a jar, covering closely. Set the jar in a kettle of cold water, bring gradually to a boil, and continue until all the juice is extracted from the meat. This will require several hours. Season to taste.—*The Cottage Household.*

SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS.

Have plenty of flowers upon your table, but mass them low.

A handsome sofa-pillow cover is made of crimson tartan, with a large half circle of embroidery in a lighter shade of crimson upon the upper side.

Set the table neatly for home folks, as well as for company. It is just as easy to set a dish down in its proper place as to throw it down anywhere and anyhow.

Do not call the family to a meal until you are sure everything will be on the table by the time they are seated. The confusion that results from sending for or going for what is wanting is demoralizing to table manners, especially of the young.

Pretty table mats are made of a kind of momie cloth which is quite heavy and is figured; that with a white ground and with pink rose-buds is particularly suitable. The mats should be of various sizes, and oblong,

not round, and the edges are finished with white cotton fringe.

The value of crushed ice as a dressing for burns and scalds, first pointed out by Sir James Earle, is confirmed by Dr. Richardson. The ice, after being reduced by crushing or scraping, to a fine state of division as dry as possible, is mixed with fresh lard into a paste, which is placed in a thin cambric bag, and laid upon the burn. This is said to banish all pain until the mixture has so far melted that a fresh dressing is necessary.

FLESH EATING.

To revert once more to the question of flesh-eating, it should be remarked that it appears to be by no means a natural taste with the young. Few children like that part of the meal which consists of meat, but prefer the pudding, the fruit, the vegetables, if well dressed, which unhappily is not often the case. Many children manifest great repugnance to meat at first, and are coaxed and even scolded by anxious mothers until the habit of eating it is acquired. Adopting the insular creed, which regards beef and mutton as necessary to health and strength, the mother often suffers from groundless forebodings about the future of a child who rejects flesh and manifests what is regarded as an unfortunate partiality for bread and butter and pudding. Nevertheless, I am satisfied, if the children followed their own instinct in that matter, the result would be a gain in more ways than one. Certainly if meat did not appear in the nursery until the children sent for it, it would be rarely seen there, and the young ones would, as a rule, thrive better on milk and eggs, with the varied produce of the vegetable kingdom.—*Sir Henry Thompson.*

THE USE OF MEDICINE.

Since there is a special tendency in most communities to take too much medicine, and to take it recklessly, it is well not to increase that tendency. While the use and value of the drugs are not to be denied, it is claimed that no ignorant person should ever dabble with them, remembering that the more active of them are active because they are poisons, or at least modifications of poisons, and if given injudiciously when not needed, or in too large doses, the poison-element will appear. And here it is proper to refer to that absurd idea that disease is a monster, to be slain by the administration of active poisons—killed like any other monster,—tiger to be subjugated. On the contrary, disease is but the absence of ease or health, a negative rather than a positive condition, the removal of which depends mainly on co-operating with nature, whose efforts are always in the right direction, though not always effectual. All of these, in a certain sense, may be regarded as curative, though failure often results, either from the lack of sufficient physical foundation, from surrounding adverse circumstances, or from an interference on the part of those who would cure, but who, on account of ignorance or false ideas, introduce discord and false efforts. It may be that such, foolishly believing that the more critical and dangerous the case, even when much advanced in vital force, the more powerful the dose demanded, act on this principle; and give the dose that might be safe, in ordinary cases, to persons of the same age and sex, exercising no discrimination, no judgment. Such should remember that those weak in body are also weak in the stomach, as certainly unable to bear large doses as they are to perform hard labor. I have seen many an adult, to whom I would give no more than a strong boy, slightly ailing, could bear at the age of four years. And when such are dosed with no regard to their weakness, the sudden death is attributed to "heart disease" while the intelligent know that but a very small percentage of the sudden deaths are caused by organic diseases of the heart.

It is also believed that prevention is better, easier, safer, and cheaper than cure. That this may be done, it is needful to learn the laws of health and obey them.—*Dr. J. H. Humphord.*

AGAINST MINCE PIES.—Temperance mothers, if you banish the brandy from mince pies, do go a step farther and banish the

mince pies. But lest I seem an iconoclast, who breaks the beloved image without giving an equivalent, let me recommend a pie that can be given to children as nourishing food. Let the foundation be the homely and much despised carrot, the only vegetable which supplies plenty of iron and sulphur and other organized substances needed to make rich and pure blood. Boil soft and mash through a colander. For one pie use four large spoonfuls of carrot, two eggs, a pint of rich milk and flavor with nutmeg and sugar. For crust, mix equal quantities of white corn meal and flour with a little salt, and mix with sweet cream enough to roll out like dough. Bake carefully, eat fresh, and if you are dyspeptic, you will make it again.

WHITE LINCOLN CAKE.—Whites of four eggs, one-half cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat butter to a cream to ensure lightness; add sugar, milk, eggs and baking powder, well sifted in flour. May be baked in sheets, large cake or patty pans.

FIG CAKE.—Whites of five eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one cup of butter, three cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, twenty-four figs, a slice figs and put in after the cake is in the basin in which it is to be baked.

PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.

In fiery caverns was my glowing birth,
The great laboratories of the earth,
Thence issuing with devastating power,
Entombling cities in a single hour;
The vineyards of bright Sicily have been
Of my overwhelming might too oft the dreary scene.

Yet I encircle many a fair white arm,
Or holding ink and pens give no alarm
Though none may stay my incandescent course

Till Neptune doth oppose his briny force.
Mysterious child of subterranean fires,
Strange relics I preserve of fair Italia's sires.
F. R. HAVERGAL.

TWO EASY SQUARE WORDS.

1. A part. 2. A boy's name. 3. A species of tree. 4. Concludes.
1. Trace. 2. A mineral vein. 3. A place of delight. 4. To journey.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

The initials of the following form the name of a celebrated person.

1. A naval port of France. 2. A town in England. 3. A fruit. 4. A girl's name. 5. A river of Italy. 6. A spice. 7. A flower. 8. A refreshing drink. 9. A bird.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My last, an ancient city over seas.
Within its walls my first
Sends dulcet sounds abroad upon the breeze.

1. A badge of babyhood, fastened 'neath the chin.
2. By this how many a one's been lost to sin.
3. This signifies "instead;" in French, a place.
4. Home from the fair, bring this with smiling face.
5. When we're in this, what pleasant thoughts we hide.
6. This little word, how much it may decide.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.—Lance-wood.
REBUS.—Honesty.

A CHRISTMAS MAZE.





The Family Circle.

WHERE THE CHILDREN SLEEP.

MRS. GEORGIA HULSE M'LEOD.

A mother knelt at sunset hour,
Beside a new made mound,
Only two graves could she call hers
'Midst hundreds scattered round.
"Full twenty years ago," she moaned,
"My baby fell asleep
And here I came, day after day
By his low bed to weep."

"So beautiful my darling was,
That strangers turned again,
To look upon his bonny face,
So free from sin's dark stain.
I thought no sorrow was like mine
With empty arms and heart,
I prayed to die, but still was left
In the world's crowded mart."

"Oh, foolish mother, God knew best,
My baby safe, He keeps,
But, woe is me, where is the soul
Of this my boy, who sleeps?
Here, just one little hour ago,
They laid him 'neath the sod,
How blessed I should be to know
He too was safe with God!"

A poor weak Absalom! my son,
I scarce can make it true,
With victims of the dark rum fiend
That they have numbered you.
How bright, and brave, and true you were,
Ere drink its work began,
Only a sad and shattered wreck
When the foul work was done."

"Two graves, my graves, my baby boy,
My son to manhood grown,
And other mothers like to me,
Make this same, sad life, mean!"

Oh men with fair and happy homes,
How long shall these things be,
Before you roll away the stone,
And let our sons go free!
—Baltimore, Md., Union Signal.

NEW YEAR PLEDGES.

BY CONTENT GREENLEAF.

It was a very serious question which was undergoing discussion in Ruth's cheerful bedroom, one morning, about a week before New Year's day. In this council of three, as in every larger body, there were different degrees of interest shown, a warm enthusiasm, a languid indifference, and a firm opposition. Faith, as usual, was quietly pleading her cause, brave because she knew she was right; the girls had long ago pronounced her a visionary philanthropist, but were always ready to be benefited by her love for helping others. Ruth was not quite so sure; in truth she was always open to conviction upon any subject, and frequently congratulated herself that she had friends to think for her. Gay had her mind quite settled; in fact it always was settled upon every point, from the most desirable shade for a new ribbon to the most knotty point in political economy or politics. She now expressed herself, with a very decisive tap of her boot heel on the fender.

"I never could do such a thing, girls, never—it is only one of Faithie's impossible schemes, not in the least practical. It sounds very plausible, everything does when judiciously stated; but when we come to actually do anything of that kind it is a very different matter from planning it. Most assuredly, it is officious and unlady-like to try to force our own views upon others in this way. You know how I feel on the temperance question, but I cannot expect others to adopt my opinions, and I am not in favor of taking advantage of an occasion when we show hospitality, to try to force my convictions upon them," and Gay settled herself in the big arm-chair, as if she felt better after taking so decided a stand.

There was a pause after this emphatic statement, for the two listeners had no reply ready, and were a trifle unsettled in

their conviction by Gay's decided manner; earnestness and decision carrying weight, even in a cause of doubtful value. These three young ladies, or "girls," as they called themselves, were now out of school; and consequently were allowed to give considerable time to the social enjoyments of their little town. They were great friends, and found many subjects upon which they wanted to compare notes, so that visits were frequently exchanged. This year they were, for the first time, to receive formal New Year calls, and had decided that the pleasure could only fully be enjoyed together. Many were the consultations held about dress, flowers, refreshments and all the multiplicity of other cares, with which the feminine mind delights to burden itself. To-day it was a subject of graver importance that had called them together, and the morning was slipping away without their coming to any decision.

"What does your mother say, Ruth?" at last asked Faith, "and what did you tell her?"

"Yes," exclaimed Gay, "let us hear how this scheme sounds when stated plainly, free from Faithie's earnestness; she is entirely too persuasive to state any proposition fairly."

"For shame!" exclaimed Ruth, "Well! I told mother that you accepted her invitation to use our parlors on New Year's day, and she was much relieved to think the house would be open without any responsibility on her part. I told her just how we expected to manage the table and everything, no wine of course, and I explained that Faith proposed we should have an album ready and ask for the autograph of every caller; that on the first page of the album we should have a short pledge written, and all who were brave enough to favor us with autographs bound themselves to abstain from any drink that would intoxicate."

"Pledged for one year," added Faith.

"Oh! yes, I told her if we had the pledge we would make it for a year, because then so many more would be willing to sign; she said she thought it was rather an innovation but might do. She gave her consent freely, trusting to our judgment not to do anything unwise. Papa said he thought it might be just as well to make the pledges for all time, although we might get only a few names; but a few pledges for a lifetime are worth a great many promises made for only a year."

"Oh! no," said Faith earnestly, "there are so many of our friends who do not know that they are in danger. If they would only stop and think, only have a year to consider, they would see their peril. And it is not an evidence of weakness to be unwilling to bind ourselves for a long time; we always like to try a new plan before we adopt it. So many have stumbled into sin and are hardly aware that they have done so. If they get back into the right path for a year there is hope for them. It is not the experienced temperance workers that we want to bind tighter, but we want to get the attention of the undecided and thoughtless."

"That sounds very reasonable, Faith," said Gay, thoughtfully, "but who, for instance? I can not think of any one who is so weak as not to know his danger."

"Ah! that is the trouble, the ones who are beginning to drink moderately, taking a glass only occasionally, are the ones of whom we would be least likely to hear; we may help where we least expect to do it."

"Did your mother say anything else, Ruth?" asked Gay.

"She said something about our being liked and seemed to think it would not give offence."

"That is another thing I thought of," said Gay, "I know if we carry out such a plan, so many will think it quite proper because our parents stand well in society here; and are we not taking an advantage of those who have a regard for social distinctions?"

"No," said Faith, "I think it is only using for good one power bestowed on us. If social standing enables us to do anything of this kind we are not justified in standing back as we otherwise would."

"Your arguments are quite overpowering, my dear," said Gay rising and wrapping her shawl around her. "Come, we must go, and let Ruth get at her music."

So the two friends took leave, and as they walked toward home, Faith renewed her conversation with better hope of success because there was only one to convince. She used sometimes to say that it would not be impossible to convince the world of any truth

if the world could be taken one at a time. "You will think of it seriously, please, Gay," said Faith.

"Now, Faithie, I have thought of a compromise. You and I are going to receive calls at Ruth's, you have the album and ask for as many autographs as you please; I will give you mine, but do not ask me to take any active part."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Faith, "that would never do, I am quite willing to take any amount of work, and bear all the blame of failure, but I must have the weight of your influence, I need you to countenance the plan. I have never forgotten Miss Foster's illustration to show how much more we might accomplish through united efforts."

"What was that? dear, patient Miss Foster was so bountiful with her advice all through our school-days, that I have never been able to sort up her wisdom and label it for future use."

"She used to say, 'What if each little drop of water in the Falls of Niagara would think, 'I am so tiny and insignificant, it surely is not important that I should go down, I am so small my weight is almost nothing. Suppose half the individual drops could think the same, and act upon it, what a weak failure there would be instead of grandeur; but all unite and go down with a plunge and what a power it is. Now, Gay, I believe all that Christian people have to do to work a reformation, is to come down, each with whatever weight of influence he or she has. It may be influence gained by learning, wisdom, or goodness; perhaps it is only the influence of the one more which goes toward making up a majority; but whatever it is, they ought to come down.'"

"I'm convinced against my better judgment," said Gay laughing; "go on, Faith, and I will uphold you in anything, or rather come down, if you prefer so to express it," and with a cheery "Good morning," Gay turned towards her home.

New Year's morning dawned bright and clear, and at an early hour the three friends met to give the finishing touches to the already tastefully arranged parlors; flowers bloomed in pots on mantel and bracket, almost making one forget that their season was so long past. On an unpretending little table, in the bow window, lay the book which had been the cause of so much anxiety, a good-sized autograph album, handsomely bound. The first page was tastefully decorated with a wreath of forget-me-nots, the work of Gay's skillful hands; here was written the pledge, which was the result of some thought on Faith's part:

JANUARY 1st, 1881.

We, the undersigned, do hereby promise to abstain from the use of any intoxicating drink, for one year. May God help us.

It was Gay's wish that the wording of the pledge should be very simple, explaining that she had an aversion to seeing a simple statement buried in a weight of words; a promise was a promise, just as surely if it only consisted of "Yes," as if it was composed of a multiplicity of statements.

Friends began to come early, and the first experience was a trifle discouraging, but not a disappointment. Mr. Simmons, whose lavender gloves betrayed the man of fashion was the first caller; he was easily entertained and seemed reluctant to leave the merry group. It had been decided that Faith should be the first to ask for an autograph, this she did in few words, and was greeted by the inevitable, "Aw! indeed," followed by "Ah! quite unique. I see you have not yet been favored, so really, ladies, you must excuse me." And he bowed himself out.

Faith's disappointment was lost in amusement at Gay's indignation at the rebuff; "Quite unique, indeed, afraid to sign his name first, that is always the way with shallow minds, so much afraid of getting out of the ordinary rut."

Many callers followed, a large majority signed, and varied were the motives which led to their doing so, the minister's ready acquiescence and his cordial: "This is encouraging, to see you carry the temperance question into social life, may you be blessed in this effort," was a strong contrast to the hesitation of one young school friend, who colored deeply as he handed back the book, saying, "I don't half believe I can keep it, but I will try."

"And this," said Faith, gravely, pointing to the last few words of the pledge, "is our assurance that you will not try in vain." Some signed because they felt under obli-

gation to the young ladies for hospitality shown in the past, others because they did not want to appear disobliging; one, because, (as he afterward said), "It seemed to be the thing to do;" one or two, because they could not resist the appealing look from Ruth, and were willing to do even greater things to win her favor.

Several had never before been asked to sign a pledge; they did not belong to the class who frequent temperance meetings, and would have considered it a rudeness for any one to have thrust a pledge before them. They were not even moderate drinkers, but might have been called occasional drinkers. To some it was a revelation that young ladies of culture, who wore fashionable clothing, and could entertain well, were really interested in a reformation so often associated only with age, staid manners, and rather dull prayer-meetings.

But even with so much encouragement, Faith was not quite satisfied; the one for whom she had watched all day so anxiously did not call.

Ralph Emerson had married Faith's only sister but three years before, and already had appeared the shadow of that cloud which darkens so many households. It was not a trouble which could be told of, or with which a friend could openly sympathize. Oh, no! anyone would have scouted the idea of Ralph's being actually drunk—so coarse a word could hardly be used in connection with so polished a gentleman, and yet—Faith knew too well the secret of her sister's heavy eyes and failing spirits; and as she greeted her brother-in-law rather late in the afternoon, it was with a sinking heart that she noted his flushed cheeks.

"A long call, ladies, because my last one," he said, gaily; "I have reserved my greatest treat for the last."

For more than half-an-hour he lingered, and still Faith lacked courage to make the request, which devolved on her, the others being engaged. At last, rather hesitatingly: "Ralph, I want a New Year's autograph, may I have it?"

"Certainly, my most amiable sister."

"But there are certain conditions attached—see!"

He read the pledge slowly, then closed the book impatiently.

"So this is a trap set for me?"

"No, Ralph," said Faith earnestly; "believe me, I meant no offence. We have asked every one who called to-day, and see the names."

He glanced through the book; his friends most of them—and surely in so goodly a company he would not be ashamed to see his name; not one reformed drunkard among them; a few he knew would often take a social glass, but if they had now debarred themselves for a year from that enjoyment, why not join them?

After ten or fifteen minutes' hesitation, during which, with ready tact, Faith was seemingly occupied in another part of the room, he took the pen and hastily wrote his name; then, as he made an abrupt "Good-by" to the girls, to Faith he said aside:

"We will not discuss this; no words, remember; I have a special aversion to scenes."

How deep was Faith's thankfulness! As the girls sat around the fire late that evening, and discussed the day's pleasure; Ruth counted the names and triumphantly announced the number.

The names, as written, might be quickly counted, but who can estimate the result of this one act of the girls, the power of the mighty wave just set in motion, the real, earnest thoughts started, the good resolutions formed, the possible evils checked, because taken in season.—Church and Home.

NEVER THOUGHT.

"Come now! We don't want any testotalism here! Do we! it spoils all the fun. You're not really afraid of a glass? (Confidentially aside.) Perhaps we'd better not press him."

The sneers that pass around are unendurable, the insinuation stings to the quick, the line is crossed, the tempter is the victor, the wine taken, and—

At the evening parties this winter one bright face will be missing, and the one who had been forward to sneer, will have to say, "It would have been better not to press him—he blames me, I expect, but I never thought of it."

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY MARGARET E. SANOSTER.

With words that fall sweet as the notes of a harp.

With nothing about them discordant or sharp,
We meet and we greet those in life we hold dear,
And tenderly wish them a Happy New Year.

The aged one wearing a glory of white,
And bearing before-time the heavenly light,
The wee one just stepping the pathway along,
Alike hear the cadence as glad as a song.

From husband to wife, and from father to child,
Yes, even to children both erring and wild,
The dear wish is waited, and freighted with care;
It half seems to borrow the pinions of prayer.

A happy new year, for the old year has fled,
The leaves of its book to the last have been read;
New blessings, new tasks, new fulfilments may be,
O friend, in the year that is coming, for thee.

A Happy New Year, and a new year for Him,
With mercy who makes our life-cup over-brim.
A Happy New Year, for we are not our own;
God grant we may walk with our eyes on the throne.

Ay, a Happy New Year, though an arrow of love

Already be pointed to call us above;
In living or dying, in labor or rest,
God's will for us each must be highest and best.

Then, Christian, be joyful, whatever may befall,
And still see the hand of thy Father in all;
Accept from Him gratefully, feeling no fear,
The beautiful gift of another New Year.

A NEW-YEAR'S TALE.

It was strange that three men like Captain Hall, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Hooper should have Christian wives and lovely children. But it was as true as strange. Although the three gentlemen were very fond of their cups and very proud of their "club," their wives were wise and lovable women, devoted to their respective homes, and bringing up their little ones in the way they should go. The evening before New Year's Mr. Hughes left his house quite early for the club-room. He soon returned, however, on account of a severe headache which unfitted him even for the so-called joys of the club. His wife was out, and no one at home knew that he had returned. Entering the front door by the aid of his night-key, he threw aside his coat and hat, went into the unlighted library, and lay down upon the soft couch.

"Oh! what a wretched headache," he muttered.

After a few moments he became very drowsy, and in spite of aching head he soon slept a fitful sleep. Presently the sound of sweet young voices reached his ears, and opening his heavy eyes he saw, through the door ajar into the adjoining room, three young girls, his own sweet daughter Maude being one of them.

"Mamma is out, doing some errands for the New Year, and papa has gone to the 'club,' so we have the house all to ourselves," Maude said, hustling about to make things cosy for her young guests. "Do you like the house all to yourself?" asked Dora Hooper, a girl, looking spreading over her face as she glanced up.

"Very seldom have it to myself. Mamma is almost always at home. I wish I could say the same of papa. Poor, dear papa, he never spends an evening at home. I suppose he can't, so he would. I wish he didn't have to work so hard," Maude spoke pitifully.

"Why does your papa work evenings?" said Emma Hall in surprise. "I thought he always attended the 'club' with Mr. Hooper and papa." "Of course, there's where he goes; but he wouldn't go if he didn't have to work there," Maude asserted.

"Oh! I think you're mistaken," Emma Hall said; "papa says they go there to talk and have a good time."

"Perhaps your papa does, but I don't believe mine does. I asked him once to stay at home with mamma and me and he answered, 'It isn't possible.' I'm sure papa wouldn't stay away from home just to have a good time. Why, he could have a great deal better time at home. It's so pleasant here evenings, but we do long for papa to be with us. Mamma always looks the prettiest when evening comes. She sits by the table and sews, sometimes reads, but in spite of her smiles, mamma often feels sad, and I can see tears in her eyes. I think I know the reason, too. Mamma pulls out a big chair every evening and throws a dressing-gown over it, and puts papa's

slippers beside it, and I think she hopes that he will come home some night and use his things; but he never does."

"Oh, how nice it would be if all our papas would come home evenings. This is the last day of the old year; perhaps they will do differently this new year that is just coming. Why can't we all pray together that our papas will spend their evenings at home?" Emma asked.

"We can, of course," answered Dora Hooper earnestly. "Can't we kneel right down together by the sofa, and each pray silently?"

"Yes, we can, surely; there is no one around to laugh at us, and if there was, there's nothing to laugh at because three little girls kneel down together to pray for their fathers," Maude said tremulously.

Mr. Hughes, still looking at the group (now with kneeling forms and bowed heads, golden, brown, and black, close together), had no inclination to laugh; indeed, tears, long unknown to his eyes, were trickling in quick, hot drops down his cheeks.

"Ah! the darlings, bless them!" his heart said. It was the first prayer for him in long, wandering years, but it was heard and answered.

New Year's came. I could not, if I would, tell you of the smiles and the prayers and the great rejoicing in three houses that day. And there was cause for rejoicing, for right on the threshold of the glad new year the "Lord brought back his own."

"I'll never forget that tableau, Lizzie," Mr. Hughes said privately to his wife. "Those three little girls, only twelve years old, kneeling together, begging the Lord for their father's company. I've signed the pledge, Lizzie, and, God helping me, I'll be a husband and father worth having after this."

Lizzie Hughes' arms were about her husband's neck.

"Oh! what a glad new year! what a glad new year! And we can thank the children, for it was their prayers which brought us this great joy."

"Yes, their earnest prayers brought three wanderers home. Captain Hall was completely broken down when I related the scene to him. 'What! my little Emma down on her knees praying for her sinful father's company? God bless her! she shall have it.' And he signed the pledge, and so did Hooper, tears were in their eyes and prayers upon their lips as they wrote their names."

"Bless the children!" Mr. Hughes said fervently.—S. S. Messenger.

A BLUE RIBBON BOY.

A STORY FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" The first sun of the year did not shine brighter than Johnny's eyes, nor was the pink it had painted on the sky any deeper than the glow Jack Frost had brought to his cheeks as he took a brisk walk to give a morning greeting to his grandfather.

"Happy New Year, my boy. How much bigger have you grown since last New Year's day?"

"I don't know yet. I haven't measured, but there's a mark on a door at home, and I'll see as soon as I get back."

"And how much better have you grown?"

"Oh! I can't tell that. I haven't got that marked anywhere, you know?"

"Somebody has it marked, Johnny. You will have to meet the record some day. It's a bad thing to be growing older and bigger without growing wiser and better, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, I'm going to begin this very day, and try how much better I can grow by next year."

"If you live, you mean. And don't forget, dear boy, to ask for help where help is found. What is this bit of ribbon?"

"That? Why, grandfather, that is my temperance badge, I'm a blue ribbon boy. Didn't you know that?"

"And what are blue ribbon boys good for?"

"Why, sir, they're an army to fight against old King Alcohol." Johnny doubled up his fists and walked up and down the room with big steps. "You'd hear about it at the Band of Hope, if you go there. They're going to fight all their lives against wine, and beer, and whiskey. And some of us take the tobacco pledge too. We're never going to put the nasty stuff in our mouths as long as we live."

"Don't forget it, Johnny. It's a long fight you have before you, but you will win one day, though grandfather will not live to see it, and the victory will be as glorious as the world will ever see. Stand by your colors wherever you go."

Johnny went out and walked homeward with his eyes and ears full of pleasant sights and sounds. Bells were jingling and sleigh runners crunching over the crisp snow, while horses pranced gaily, and faces filled with the merriment of the New Year beamed on every side.

"Come here, Johnny. Come and take a ride," some one shouted to him. A big sleigh load of young men was passing, among whom was one whom he had often seen at his father's house. The sleigh made a dash towards him, and he was seized and swung in among them almost before he knew it, and then flying like the wind through the sharp air.

"We're making calls, Johnny, and we want a nice young fellow like you along, for we're a jolly set, you see!" Johnny thought it very nice indeed, and was well pleased, when they soon drove up before a dight of marble steps, at seeing that the house was one where he had often been with his mother.

And it was still nicer to go into the hall where one might almost think he had happened into fairyland itself. Brightly blooming flowers and evergreens were on every side, brilliant in the gaslight which shut out the sober color of the morning. And then undersilken curtains they walked into a room more beautiful still in Johnny's eyes. For there was a table shining with glass and china and silver, made prettier by the dainty things they held. Johnny's eyes took in admiringly the great fruit stand in the centre of the table, with its beautiful arrangement of color, while the frosted cakes and the sandwiches made him realize how very soon after breakfast a boy's appetite can revive on a winter's morning.

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!"

There was a wonderful amount of cheery greeting and merry chatter. The pretty young lady of the house and two or three friends with her, seemed glad to see them all, Johnny, too, who was soon settled on a sofa with a plate liberally filled with the good things from the table.

But just as he was holding up a cluster of grapes, something else caught his eye and he set it down without tasting. He looked again and then put his plate of goodies on the sofa and walked into the gay circle.

"Mr. —, well, I don't know what your name is—but did you ever know my cousin, Phil Murray?"

His clear childish voice cut through the hum of conversation and every one was listening when he stopped. But no one answered his question. He had spoken a name which for months had been unheard among those who knew it well, or spoken only as we speak in hushed tones the name of one who is dead—or far worse.

"Did you?" he repeated. "Did you know my cousin, Phil Murray?"

"Yes, I did, my little fellow."

"I thought perhaps you didn't. Any way, I don't think you know something I know about him. Mother cries about him yet. He drank some whiskey and it made him angry and cross—not a bit like himself—and then he began to quarrel with another young man. They said he didn't know what he was doing, but he took a pistol and shot him. And they thought the young man wasn't hurt very bad, but he died—yes, he did, sir! And then they put my cousin Phil in prison, and when they let him out after a great while, 'cause they said he didn't mean to, he came to our house just once, and his face was white and his eyes looked strange, and then he went away and we don't know where he is. My mother says" (he spoke slowly, accenting with his little forefinger) "that my cousin Phil began drinking wine and then got to drinking whiskey. Just that you have in that little glass. I'm a blue-ribbon boy, so I ought to tell you so you'll know, and then you won't take wine. I wish some one had told poor cousin Phil."

There was a tremor in his voice. No one interrupted him as he thus uncovered the picture of a family sorrow, as only a child could have done, but the glasses were quietly set down. Every one remembered well the bright young fellow who, only a year before, had been the life of such gatherings as this.

"Miss May," Johnny turned to the young lady who had filled his plate for him, "you didn't know—'course you didn't, or you wouldn't have wine on your pretty table—that it's wrong to give it to folks; but if you'll go to the Band of Hope they'll tell you all about it."

"Oh, Johnny!" Miss May put her arm around the little speaker, and there were tears in her eyes. "I did know. But I didn't think about it as I ought. I'm glad you came, for I shall never do it again."

Johnny sat down and finished his lunch with great satisfaction, after which he took his leave.

"I'm glad I told them," he said to himself as he breathed the sweet breath of the outside air, and felt the sunlight pleasant to his eyes after the glare of the gas, "cause now they'll know and they'll never touch it again."—N.Y. Observer.

THE FAITH of the Head
Is the faith that is dead;
The faith of the Heart
Is better in part;
But the faith of the Hand
Is the faith that will stand,
For the faith that will do
Must include the first two.

GOD NEVER gave man anything to do concerning which it were irreverent to ponder how the Son of God would have done it.—Marquis of Lossie.

Question Corner.—No. 1.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where are God's people called "the children of light?"
2. Which of the Old Testament prophets had a vision of the four beasts afterwards seen by St. John in the Isle of Patmos, and described by him in Rev. iv. 6-8?
3. Where are we told that, though Joseph's brethren acted wickedly in selling him into Egypt, his being taken there was really the working of God's providential care for His people?
4. Where was the Tabernacle permanently set up, after the conquest of the land of Canaan by Joshua?
5. From what passage do we see that though St. Paul was held in captivity by the Romans, he yet regarded himself as "the prisoner of the Lord"?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

What prophet's voice, with warning word
Foretold a city's fate,
The second voice that city heard
Rebuke its sinful state?
Who under David's rebel son
Commanded Judah's bands,
But, when the king the fight had won,
Was killed by Jonab's hands?
Name him who owned a threshing floor
Which once a temple made,
For there the angel David saw
His work of judgment stayed.
A queen refused her lovely face
Before a feasting throng;
Who, counselled her complete disgrace
And deemed her conduct wrong?
Last of two names that Paul records,
When to their church he wrote,
"These fellow-prisoners were the Lord's
Before men, men of note."

Whoever can these answers rightly tell
Will soon decipher other three as well;
Initials name a woman sorely grieved,
Who left home famished, and returned bereaved;
The final name a food some travellers found

Strewn, every morning, on the dewy ground;
While central letters spell the name of one
Who closed in woe what insolence begun.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 22.

Jehoshaphat; 2 Chron. 20, 22.
Cornelius the centurion; Acts x. 19-41;
"The foot hath said in his heart there is no God;" Ps. xlv. 1.
The Gibeonites; Josh. ix. 3.

A SERIES OF DWELLINGS.—The Tabernacle in the wilderness (Ex. xxvi. 1; 15, &c.); the Temple of Solomon (1 Kings vi. 7, 9, &c.); the human body of our blessed Redeemer (John 3. 21); the glorified body in which He ascended to heaven (Phil. iii. 21; 1 John iii. 2). What we read in such passages as Rev. xi. 19, xv. 8, and xxi. 2, sufficiently shows what "series of dwellings" this question had in view. On the last point of all see 1 Cor. vi. 19; 1 Peter ii. 6.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Alfred Gould, Albert Jesse French, and Jennie Lyght.

THE BETHLEHEMITES.

(From the German, By Julie Sutter.)

PART I.—IN HIS NAME SHALL THE GENTILES TRUST.—Continued.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Her father, the centurion, would often speak longingly of Rome, of her palaces, her pleasures, her feasts in the arena. Not so Virginia, who had grown accustomed to the life in Judaea in these quiet years since her mother's death. She had found out, to be sure, that the people of the land who worshipped Jehovah would have nothing in common with the nation of idols; her proud father moreover had forbidden her to be on friendly terms with her Jewish neighbors. But since their houses almost touched, she could not but watch the habits of the priest's family, especially when they gathered on the roof. In the stillness of the present evening there she was a witness to the scene we have described. And though she could not hear all that was said, yet she understood from their gestures that a solemn subject of unusual interest must be the theme of their conversation. But those words of prophecy which Zadok had spoken with uplifted voice rang in her ear, filling her with marvel as to their import. "And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel."

"What could be the meaning," she mused, "a God, a governor at Bethlehem? The Jews worship but one God, how should there be another at Bethlehem?" And again, "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." He must be a wondrous God, if all this could be said to Him! She would ask Rachel about it. Rachel often would linger when the family had retired; she would call her to the garden wall, she would learn of her what it meant.

Zadok and his family meanwhile had lifted their hands in prayer, raising them over their heads after the fashion of the Jews. "Lord, how long! Tarry now, but come, thou hope of thy people in whom the Gentiles shall trust."

On the wings of the evening air even these words reached Virginia, and wistfully she murmured:

"Can a God of the Jews be aught to the Roman? Could he wake hope and trust in me?"

Zadok was blessing his children, and in his turn humbly bowed his head to receive his mother's benediction.

They were yet on the roof of their house, when a man and a woman came slowly up the road, gaining the steep hill. The man was evidently a carpenter, for in one hand he carried a basket with tools. On his back was strapped a bundle that seemed to contain change of linen and coarse woollen coverings. The woman by his side was young, her face was lovely, but pale; wearily she rested on his arm, and both were covered with dust.

"Strangers," said Ketura, watching them.

"Come from afar, evidently," said Zadok. "But methinks, I know who they are—friends of Abel, the carpenter, who met them at noon by Rachel's sepulchre. He tarried behind me on their account. The poor young wife looks sadly worn."

"She does, indeed," said Ketura pityingly; adding after a while: "we might have called them in to spend the night with us."

"They will find all they need at the inn," returned Zadok.

"Perhaps not, father," cried Joseph, "for I heard the good man say some hours since, if more strangers arrived, he could only lodge them with the cattle, for no room was left at the inn!" "May I run and bring them back, father," urged Samuel.

"Not to-night, my boy. I am weary of the journey myself, and anxious to go to rest. To-morrow I will go and inquire, and if it is as Joseph said, I will offer them hospitality."

The travellers were vanishing from their sight behind a curve of the road which turned at a right angle almost by the house of the centurion. Virginia also had noticed the pair, and as they passed beneath her father's house she bent over the parapet watching them. Why did her heart beat? she knew not. She felt strangely moved at the sight of that poor travel-worn woman; she would have liked to call these tired wanderers in and give them rest, but she dared not in her father's absence, and without his approval. But as she leant over the parapet, a rose she wore in her hair fell down to the feet of the woman, who looking up, smiled at the maiden. And strange to say, Virginia's heart seemed to fill with sunshine, she could but smile in return. A wondrous calm entered her breast, she seemed conscious of love only, doubt and sadness having vanished. Her eyes followed the way-worn traveller till another curve of the

sticks... And here it is," she cried; "how delighted he will be that I have found it. Good night, Virginia!"

"Can you not stay a minute?" asked the latter shyly.

"Well—not long!" replied Rachel. "They are all gone to bed; it was only at my urgent entreaty that mother permitted my running out for a moment."

"I—I wanted to ask you," began Virginia hesitatingly, "to tell me about this God of whom your father spoke to you this evening. At least what I heard seemed to me to refer to a God about to be born here, at Bethlehem. Is it so?"

"Yes," said Rachel simply.

"But—I cannot understand—I thought your people believed in one God only—Him whom you call Jehovah."

"So we do, but we look for His Son whom He will send to save us, the Messiah, the Prince of Peace. The Jews have been waiting for Him for years. For, many days ago, nay hundreds of years ago, the Lord Jehovah has promised by the mouths of His prophets to send Him; and his word is now about to be fulfilled." "How can you tell?"



STRANGERS FROM AFAR.

road hid them from view. Now only she remembered again that she had been anxious to hear about the God to be born at Bethlehem, and turning around she found that the priest's family had descended from the roof. "They have all retired for the night," she said; but no, the slight figure of Rachel moved in the garden.

Little Titus had cuddled himself up with his lamb, and both seemed asleep; she could leave him alone for a minute. Quickly she ran down the narrow stairs, calling to Afra as she passed to put the child to bed; and with hasty footsteps she sped through the garden to the wall at the further end. Rising on tip-toe she saw Rachel who apparently looked for some lost object among the bushes.

"Have you dropped anything?" queried Virginia.

Rachel, who had not heard her coming, started and smiled. "Not I," she said, "but my brother Joseph cannot find the knife which my father gave him before he went to Jerusalem; he is afraid father may tax him with carelessness. He remembers having used it here yesterday, cutting some

"It is too late to-night to explain all this to you, mother will be anxious about me. I can only say, we believe that He will come soon, even here at Bethlehem. I dare say, there will be a sign from heaven," she added, half to herself.

"A sign?" cried Virginia; "what sign?"

"I know not. May be that a chariot of fire will bring Him down from heaven like the one that took up Elias, the prophet. Or angels may appear, such as were seen by Father Abraham when he was told that he should have a son. But we know nothing about it."

"Do not your holy books tell you?"

"No—yes, to be sure! I remember learning something about a sign, some time ago."

"Can you repeat it now?"

"I think so," said Rachel. "Thus saith the prophet: 'Behold a virgin shall bear a son, and shall call his name Emmanuel. He will save His people from their sins.'"

"Sins! what are sins?" queried Virginia. "Save His people from their sins"—what does that mean? Tell me."

"I hardly understand it myself," said Rachel, "at least I cannot explain. We will ask my father to-morrow. Good night now, Virginia, I must not stay any longer!" away she ran, disappearing within doors.

Slowly and thoughtfully the Roman maiden retraced her steps. How empty and comfortless seemed her dwelling. She wished her father were there, that she might speak with him. She went to her chamber, and without undressing, lay down on her bed. Strange thoughts and feelings chased sleep away. It was as though she also were waiting for the God that should be born at Bethlehem, as though she needed Him! She called her Greek attendant, requesting her to carry her couch upon the roof: restless as she was, she would spend the night in the light of the stars.

In that Eastern country the nights, even at that season, are generally warm and pleasant, so that Virginia, wrapped in a brodered covering, need not fear cold or damp. She lay still, gazing at the spangled heavens; the stars seemed like friendly eyes to her, and she felt less lonely than before. She thought of her dead mother, of her father away at the Roman citadel. And again she occupied her thoughts with the Messiah of whom Rachel had spoken, whispering half-unconsciously: "Bless me also thou God of Bethlehem, and let me see thy sign!"

Her eyes were heavy, and Virginia slept.

CHAPTER IV.

That same evening the Egyptian physician had been called to attend a case of illness, his daughter Zillah awaiting his return. Midnight had passed, when there was a stir in the street, and, believing it might be her father, she hastened to the door. It was not he, but she heard voices in the distance. She ran up to the roof, and perceived what looked like a cloud of dazzling light. As she stood wondering, it faded from the sky. Strangely moved she sat down by the parapet; not long, and there were figures speeding along the street; and the words she heard filled her with amazement.

When the physician arrived presently, and Zillah had let him in, she said: "Father, what is it that moves the town at this unusual hour?"

But he could only tell her that he had met the sons of Elizabeth running with haste toward the inn, to see a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. "These shepherds have lost their heads," he added, "else how could they leave their flocks by night to run after a babe! A manger, moreover, is a strange place where to seek an infant."

They ran past this house," said Zillah, "and I heard them speak of the Messiah. It must be Him they seek."

"More wonderful still," remarked the physician, "a Messiah in a manger—a King dwelling with ox and ass!"

"But, father," said the maiden shyly, "do not we worship animals, and is not Apis an ox?"

"To be sure," returned the Egyptian with a smile of contempt. Like most of the learned men of his nation, he had his own views concerning these deities, whether ox, or cat, or crocodile; he looked wonderingly at Zillah, seeing that she was moved.

"Father," she continued after a while, almost tremblingly, "I would like to find out in the morning—there may be a King after all. May I go?"

"By all means," replied he laughing; "this is but harmless curiosity in my child! Only do not go alone: but take Rebekah with you, the Jewish nurse. Good night, Zillah," he added, kissing the upturned face, "you shall tell me all about this new God when you have seen Him. To think that even a daughter of mine could be so foolish!"

"But was it folly?" she said to herself when left alone. "Might there not be something in this Jewish expectation of a Messiah?" She knew many at Bethlehem who looked for His coming. "I will go in the morning and see for myself," she said.

The night was far advanced, and the maiden having sought her couch, slept the sleep of youth.

(To be continued.)

WHEN the State writes "Criminal" over the door-way of the most elegant drinking-saloons, as well as over the lowest grog-shops; when it places the bar of justice the tempter by the side of his victim, and when it stamps every package of liquor as a dangerous beverage, meriting destruction as a public nuisance, it has done much to warn the young and unwary, and to turn their feet aside from the downward path.—*Judge Pitman.*

WE ARE SOWING seeds of truth or error every day we live, which are sure to take root in somebody's life.

THE NEW YEAR.

I am the Little New Year, ha, ho! Here I come tripping it over the snow, Shaking my bells with a merry din,— So open your doors and let me in!

Blessings I bring for each and all, Big folk and little folk, short and tall; Each one from me a treasure may win; So open your doors and let me in!

Some shall have silver and some shall have gold, Some shall have new clothes and some have old; Some shall have brass and some shall have tin, So open your doors and let me in.

Some shall have water and some shall have milk, Some shall have satin and some shall have silk; But each one from me a blessing may win; So open your doors and let me in!

—*Youth's Companion.*

WE'LL FOLLOW EACH DAY.

"How many days does a new year have, mamma?"
 One at a time, dear;
 One, quickly fleeting,
 Going out to its meeting
 Of duties and pleasures, and comfort and joy;
 One, my boy.

Then how many to-morrows, are there,
 mamma?"
 None at all, dear;
 To-morrow always
 Is lost in to-day,
 That pulsing with life, bids to labor arise
 Ere it flies.

"Where does it fly to, pray tell me, mamma?"
 Into the mist, dear,
 That, ever folding
 From human beholding,
 Covers the past as we make it each day
 On our way.

"I want to be good, but—how can I, mamma?"
 Only this way, dear;
 Jesus the lowly,
 So meek and so holy,
 Will teach little children no older
 Than you
 What to do.

"How can he, so far in the sky, tell
 me, mamma?"
 Can't you see, dear?
 Into the hands of papa,
 And those of mamma,
 He has given the Bible, to guide to
 all joy
 Our own boy.

"We'll follow him every step, won't
 we, mamma?"
 Yes, truly, dear;
 Close to the end
 This tenderest friend
 We'll follow so gladly each step of
 the way
 This now day.
 MARGARET SIDNEY.

"BEFORE" AND "NOW."

A Chinese convert in Australia, named Paul Ah Fat, was asked what good had been done by missionary work in seven years among his countrymen at New Bendigo. He gave the following answer:

Before, no one understand God's Word. Good many work Sunday all same as week-day. Now, no work done on Sunday at New Bendigo by my countrymen. Perhaps chop little wood for house or wash him clothes; but no go work. No matter poor, every one no work on Sunday.

Before, all worship idols. Now many come to church; he no worship idols. When Lee Wah begin to read, good many have idols in house; thirty more. Myself had one. Now, only ten houses and stores at New Bendigo with idols in them.

Before, at old township, good many Chinese steal fowls, everything. Now, no more steal; every one work; go get job.

Before, every night, Chinamen learn to practise fight. I tell him too stupid fellow. You learn God's Word, you no want to fight. Now, no more learn fight. Learn God's Word.

Before, people no care for God's Word, he no know, or care. Now, good many people like read God's Word.

Before, too much time; nothing to do. Now, many say, learn to read God's Word. Now, no more waste time. I like to read.

Before, good many make fun God's Word, laugh. Papers were put upon outside of store, make laugh at Christian. Papers were put up on door of baptized men's house. Now, heathen men no more make fun; strong man's hands tied up. Himself like it now. Very quiet now.

Before, Ung Bak, old man at store, too angry at people go to Mission-house. He say no matter who go to Mission-house, no more give trust to him. What for? I ask. Oh, he go to Mission-house; no more good luck. Now, he every day go himself learn to read. He once angry to you when you go his store. Now, he very glad see you.—*Missionary Outlook.*

THE very first step toward action is the death warrant of doubt.—*Marquis of Lossie.*

RESTITUTION.

Among the hills of Northern New England were two infidel neighbors. One of these heard the Gospel message, was impressed therewith, and enabled to bow in heart to the visitations of that grace which hath appeared unto all men, and which bringeth salvation to those who are guided by it. This grace, the apostle says, teaches us, among other duties, to live righteously; and the convicted sinner felt that he had wronged his neighbor. No doubt his pride rebelled against making the acknowledgment of his fault; but the terrors of the Lord for disobedience are a fearful burden to an aroused conscience—as the Scriptures show. "A wounded spirit, who can bear?" So he visited his infidel neighbor and informed him of the change that had taken place in his feelings as to religion. The

will suffer that. If it is money or property you want, say the word. I have a good farm and money at interest, and you can have all you ask. I want to settle this matter and get rid of it."

The infidel was amazed. He began to tremble.

"If you have got those sheep you are welcome to them. I don't want anything of you if you will only go away; a man that will come to me as you have—something must have got hold of you that I don't understand. You may have the sheep if you will only go away."

"No," said the Christian, "I must settle this matter and pay for the sheep; I shall not be satisfied without. And you must tell me how much."

"Well," said the sceptic, "if you must pay me, you may give me what the sheep

A QUEER REPTILE.

Did you ever see a Gaviel? No, I think not, unless you have been to India, and sat on the banks of the Ganges watching these voracious monsters as they lie in ambush ready to devour the little children thrown into the river by their superstitious mothers, who believe that the Ganges is a god; and that he is pleased to receive such offerings. Well, let me tell you that the gaviels are pleased, if the river is not, and that they lose no time in seizing and devouring the poor little ones, who, decked with ribbons and crowned with flowers, are consigned to such a cruel fate. Sometimes, too, aged and sick people are brought and laid on the banks of the river, tied hand and foot, so that they cannot escape, and left to be devoured by these huge reptiles. The gaviel differs from the crocodile only in having the jaws narrower and longer, and the teeth smaller, but it is quite as ferocious, and commits terrible havoc among the natives who bathe in the rivers of India. There was one of these monsters who rendered himself quite famous by his frequent visit to the banks of the river in the immediate vicinity of a large indigo factory. He had at different times devoured more than a dozen of the workmen, until at length they ceased to put themselves in his power and began to devise measures of revenge. Four days and weeks they lay in ambush, but their cunning foe kept at respectful distance, evidently too wise to venture within reach of superior numbers. So all but one of the men retired, and he, after laying on the bank a young kid, hid himself in the branches of a large tamarind tree, to wait the result. In less than an hour the gaviel dragged himself lazily up the bank, and, looking cautiously about him, began to breakfast on the dainty fare set before him. He was not however, allowed to finish his repast before he was pierced by the poisoned arrows that had been prepared for him, several striking directly into his eyes, and the one that proved most fatal in the very roof of his mouth, as he opened his huge jaws in great agony. After this he was easily dispatched, and the head, after being nicely prepared, was sent by an English officer to the British Museum, where it is still preserved. These monsters are hunted by the natives, not only from the fear of their depredations, but also on account of the booty frequently obtained from their stomachs, which sometimes contain quite an assortment of gold and silver chains, bangles, anklets and rings, that have proved less easy of digestion than the fair owners of such trinkets, the victims of the gaviel's voracious propensities.—*Selected.*

STRAVE AFTER vivid impressions by all means, but remember that when you have succeeded in gaining vivid impressions yourself, or in conveying them to our class, your work is not all done. A soap-bubble reflects all the colors of the rainbow, when the light is playing upon it; but for how long? Vivid impressions are of little worth unless they leave behind them permanent impressions. The wise teacher will not be content with an ideal which is reached when the attention of the class has been held successfully for half an hour or more; what he works for is the hours that are not spent in the Sunday-school, but into which the work done in the Sunday-school may enter as a purifying and life-increasing leaven. Permanent impressions are as much to be preferred to vivid but transitory impressions, as the deep rock-cut inscription is to be preferred to the brilliant fantasies of color that play upon the surface of the soap-bubble a moment before it bursts.—*S. S. Times.*



"HOW MANY DAYS DOES A NEW YEAR HAVE, MAMMA?"

other replied that he had heard it, and was surprised, because he had thought him about as sensible a man as there was in town.

"Well," said the Christian, "I have a duty to do to you, and I want you to stop talking and hear me. I haven't slept much for two nights for thinking of it. I have four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came into my field six years ago; and I knew that they had your mark on them, but I took them and marked them with my mark, and you inquired all around and could not hear anything of them. But they are in my field, with the increase of them; and now I want to settle this matter. I have lain awake nights and groaned over it, and I am come to get rid of it. And now I am at your option. I will do just what you say. If it is a few years in prison I

were worth when they got into your field, and pay me six percent on the amount, and go off and let me alone."

The man counted out the value of the sheep and the interest on the amount, and laid it down, and then doubled the dose, and laid as much more down beside it, and went his way, leaving a load on his neighbor's heart almost as heavy as that which he himself had borne.

One result which followed from his honest confession and restitution was the conviction forced on the mind of the man who had lost the sheep that there was something real in the power of religion.—*Word and Work.*

PEOPLE seldom improve when they have no better model than themselves to copy.

BESSIE GRAHAM'S NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

BY KATE S. GATEL.

Bessie Graham sat before the cheery grate fire in the library, waiting for the tea bell to ring. It was New Year's Eve, and Bessie was thinking very earnestly. Dr. Deane had preached impressively to the young people of his congregation yesterday, and Miss Grover spoke seriously to her class in Sabbath school.

Bessie had been thinking about it all day and wondering what she could do. Somehow she did not feel inclined to consult her mother, for, "very likely," she said to herself, "mamma would tell me to resolve for one thing that when I swept my room I'd be sure to sweep the corners clean. Of course I mean to be very faithful about everything, but who would ever think of making New Year's resolutions about such common-place things? I wish that I knew some poor folks to visit, or that mamma would let me take a class in the mission-school. It would be so delightful to have the children love me, and perhaps when they were grown up they would come and thank me for the good I had done them. Perhaps if I ask mamma once more, she will let me, and I'll ask Miss Grover if she does not know of some poor folks that I can visit or work for. I could—"

"Bessie, where are you?" called Tom from the hall.

"Oh, dear!" thought Bessie to herself, as she answered fretfully; "I do wish that Tom would let me have a little peace once in a while; he is always wanting something."

"I say, Bess," said Tom rather hesitatingly. "Would you make candy with Joe and me to-night?"

"No," said Bessie, decidedly. "I have something else to do, and then I can't endure that Joe Turner."

"Well he's got enough sight better sister that I have, any way. Carrie will do anything he wants her to," said Tom.

"Then have Joe ask her to make the candy, if she can find amusement with two such rough, saucy boys. I'm willing, I'm sure," replied Bessie.

Just then the tea bell rang, and Tom obeyed the summons with a sullen, angry face; but Bessie never once noticed it; she was so busy wondering if she could persuade mamma to let her take that class.

After tea Tom went directly off somewhere, but Bessie did not notice that either. If he had only been a member of that mission class, for instance, she would have been very much concerned about him, but as long as he was only her brother, she was not willing to exert herself in the least to keep him away from the street, and the companions he would be likely to meet there.

"Where's Tom?" asked mamma, the first thing, when she came in from her ride to grandpa's.

"I'm sure I do not know," replied Bessie.

"I haven't seen him since supper."

Mamma looked troubled. It was after nine, and she did not like her boy wandering about the streets.

"Couldn't you have kept him at home, Bessie?"

"I suppose I could if I would amuse him, but I can't be bothered with him all the time. Why don't he amuse himself?"

Mamma turned away with a sigh, and just then papa came in.

"Where's Tom?" was his query instantly.

"Out somewhere. Bessie does not know where. Why?" asked mamma, anxiously, for papa seemed very much disturbed.

"Oh, nothing very particular, only some of the boys have gone to the river skating, and I do not think it is quite safe. Tom is over at Joe's, I presume. I'll step over and see."

Mamma's face grew very white, and even Bessie listened anxiously for papa's return.

When he came he only stopped at the door.

"He isn't there, and they do not know whether he went to the river or not. Sam Turner wanted him to, they think. I guess I'll go down and see."

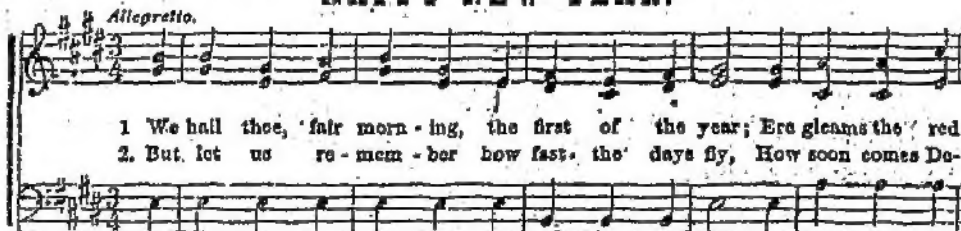
But before papa was down the steps, Joe came rushing up with a white face.

"Somebody's drowned in the river, and they are bringing him up—and Jack Peters thinks—it's—Tom."

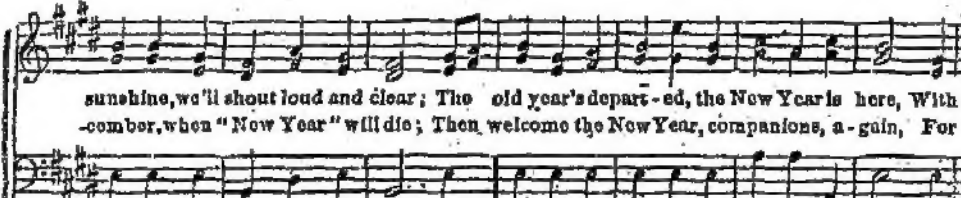
Papa went down the street like a flash. Mamma tried to steady herself by the staircase. Bessie burst into tears, and crouched down at her feet.

"Oh mamma, mamma, it's all my fault! he wanted me to make candy, and I wouldn't"

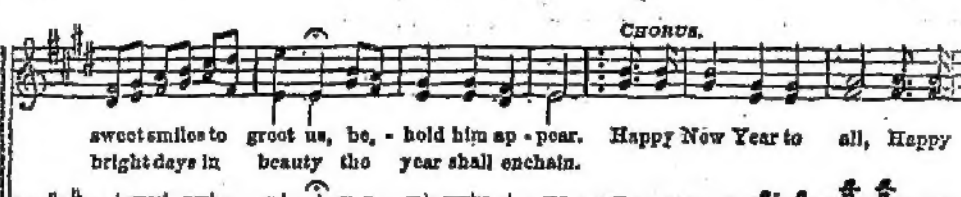
HAPPY NEW YEAR.



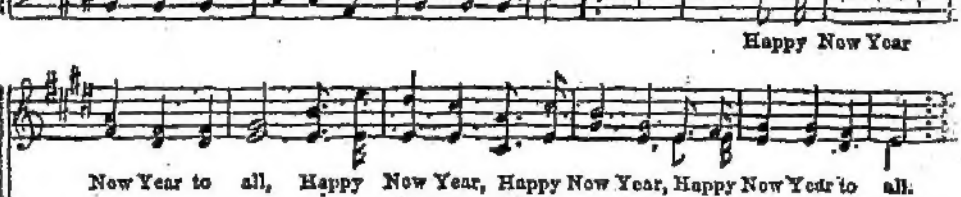
1 We hail thee, fair morn-ing, the first of the year; Ere gleams the red
2. But let us re-mem-ber how fast, the days fly, How soon comes De-



sunshine, we'll shout loud and clear; The old year's depart-ed, the New Year's here, With
-comber, when "New Year" will die; Then welcome the New Year, companions, a-gain, For



sweet smiles to greet us, be - hold him ap - pear. Happy New Year to all, Happy
bright days in beauty the year shall enchain.



New Year to all, Happy New Year, Happy New Year, Happy New Year to all.

because I was dreaming, just as I always am, of what I was going to do. Can you ever forgive me?"

But mamma could only kiss her with trembling lips, and then they stood in silence, hand clasped in hand, and waited.

It seemed hours to Bessie. How could she bear it?

"And to think I thought I was good enough to teach a class! I'm too wicked to live. I shall never be happy again—never. Oh, if I could only have Tom back again, I would do anything in the world for him! But I never can do anything now. I have just as good as killed him."

Just then there was the sound of a familiar, merry whistle, the door opened, and in walked—Tom, without the slightest symptom of being "drowned."

"O Tom, is it you?" cried Bessie.

"Tisn't anyone else that I know of," replied Tom.

"And weren't you in the river at all?" asked mamma.

"Not that I know of. Haven't been there anyway. The boys wanted me to go, but I thought that you would not want me to. What's up, any way?"

Before mamma and Bessie could finish their story, papa came in, and said that one of the boys had broken through, but was rescued alive.

"O Tom," said Bessie, putting up her tear-stained face for a kiss, "if you will forgive me for being cross to-night, I'll make candy or do anything whenever you want; but don't get drowned!"

"Not much I won't, if I can help it, and it will be awfully jolly if you will do things once in a while."

"I've got just the best sister in the world," said Tom a long time after.

But Bessie never mentioned the mission class to her mother.—*Zion's Herald.*

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